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HOWARD SANITARY AID ASSOCIATION FOR THE Relief and Cure of the Erring and Unfortunate, on Principles of Christian Philanthropy.

LAKE SHORE & N. S. RAILROAD. ERIE DIVISION—TIME TABLE. TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, MAY 14th, 1871.

Table with columns for Special Chicago Ex., Toledo Ex., Pacific Ex., St. B. Ex., Con. Acc., and various times for different routes.

STATIONS. Cleveland, Huron, Painesville, Ashtabula, Conneaut, Sandusky, Sardinia, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Albany, New York.

ERIE RAILWAY. 1400 Miles under 800 Miles without one change of horses. CHANGE OF ROUTE. BROAD GAUGE, DOUBLE-TRACK-ROUTE.

NEW YORK, BOSTON, ALBANY, PRINCIPAL POINTS IN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY AND THE OIL REGIONS OF PENN.

THIS Rail Way Extends from Rochester to New York 425 Miles. Buffalo to New York 383 Miles.

From and after May 15th, 1871, trains will have double track with Western line, as follows: New York Daily Express, leaving Cleveland at 10 P. M. (Sundays excepted).

Express Mail, leaves Dunkirk from Union Depot at 7:30 A. M. on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in New York at 10 A. M.

Lightning Express, (Daily), leaves Cincinnati at 6 P. M.; arrives at West Salem at 6:50 A. M. (breakfast); leaves Cleveland 7:30 A. M.; leaves Huron at 8:30 A. M.; leaves Painesville at 9:30 A. M.; leaves Ashtabula at 10:30 A. M.; leaves Conneaut at 11:30 A. M.; leaves Sandusky at 12:30 P. M.; leaves Sardinia at 1:30 P. M.; leaves Dunkirk at 2:30 P. M.; leaves Buffalo at 3:30 P. M.; leaves Niagara Falls at 4:30 P. M.; leaves Albany at 5:30 P. M.; leaves New York at 6:30 P. M.

Sleeping Coaches are attached to this train at Cleveland, Huron, Painesville, Ashtabula, Conneaut, Sandusky, Sardinia, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Albany, New York.

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SELECT POETRY. Mind Your Own Business.

The members of the "Mind Your Own Business Society" propose for consideration the following queries: Is it anybody's business...

Is it anybody's business If a gentleman should choose To wait upon a lady...

Is it anybody's business When the gentleman does call, Or if he leaves the lady, Or if he leaves at all...

Is it anybody's business But the lady's, if her beau Rides out with other ladies, And doesn't let her know?

Is it anybody's business But the gentleman's, if she Should accept another escort When he doesn't chance to be?

If a person on the sidewalk, Whether great or whether small; Is it anybody's business Where that person means to call? Or if you see a person, And he's called anywhere, Is it any of your business What his business may be there?

The substance of our query, Simply stated, would be this: Is it anybody's business What another's business is? If it is, or if it isn't? We would really like to know, For we're certain if it isn't, There are some that make it so.

If it is we'll join the rabble, And act the noble part; Of the tattlers and defamers Who through the public mart; But if not, we'll act the teacher, Until the meddling learns It were better in the future To mind his own concerns.

Letters from Germany. SUNDAY, MAY 15th: Land Ho! When we awoke at six, we were in the muddy waters of the Elbe; at seven we breakfasted, and at nine or ten we had exchanged the Holstein for a little steamer, which took us in two hours to Hamburg.

I must took a pharmin on shares, miself, and run ber on some theories, and things figured up this way, I dun all the work for the last fourteen days; and with hearty good will, we gave three cheers as our boat glided away from under her tall side.

By mutual consent I quit the pharmin at the end of the year. What I know about pharmin aint with braggin about, and I feel it my duty to state, for the benefit of mi kreditors, that if they ever expect me tew pay five cents on a dollar, they musn't start me in the theoretical pharmin employ.

If a man really is anxious tew make money on a pharmin, the less theory he lays in the better, and he must do pretty much all the work hisself and support his family on what he kant sell, and so ragged enuff all the time tew hunt bees.

I know of munny farmers who are so afflicted with superstition that they wont plant a single bean only in the last quarter of the moon, and I know others so rragrant with science that they wont set a tew potato until they have had the report analysed by sum professor of anatomy tew see if the earth haz got the right kind of ingredience for post holes.

This is what I call running science into the ground. The fact of it iz, that theories of all kinds work well except in prakitis; and they are too often designed to do the work of prakitis.

There aint no theory in braking a mule only tew go at him with a klub in your hand and sum blood in yure eye, and brak him, just as you would split a log.

What I know about pharmin aint with much enuff how, but I undertook to brake a kicking heifer once.

I read a treatise on the subject and plow'ed the direkshuns class, and got kilt and sat down in about 5 minits.

I then sat down and thought the thing over. I made up my mind that the phellow who wrote the treatise was more in the treatise bizness than he was in the kicking heifer trade.

I cum to the konklushun that what he knew about milking kicking heifers he had learnt by leanin over a barnyard fence and writing the thing up.

I got up from my refflekshuns strengthened and went for that heifer. I will draw a veil over the language I used, and the things I did, but I went in to win, and won!

That heifer never bekum a cow. This is one way to brake a kicking heifer, and after a man has studied all the books in kreshash on the subject, and tried them on, he will fall back onto mi plan and make up his mind as I did, that a kicking heifer is with more for enuff than she is for theoretic milking.

I had rather work on a pharmin just long enuff tew know that there iz no prayers so good for poor land as manure, and no theory kan heat twelve hours each day, (sundaz excepted), of honest labor applied to the soil.

I am an old phasioned phellow, and hartly hate most nu things, bekauze I have been beat by them so often.

I never kum a pharmin that was worked pretty much by theory, but what wuz for sale or to let in a few years, and I never kum a pharmin that waz worked by manure and muscle, on the good old ignorant way ov our ancestors, but what was handed down from father to son, and alwuz waz noted for raising branny armed boys and buxon lasses, and fast rats potatoes.

What I know about pharmin iz nothin but experience, and experience now daze aint wuz a kuss.

I had rather have a good looking theory tew ketch flats with; than the experience even on Methuselah.

Experience is a good thing to lay down and die with, but you kant do no bizness with it (now daze) it aint hot enuff.

Give me a red hot humbug, and I kan make most ov the experience in this world asbamed ov itself.

Josh Billings on the Theory of Farming.

What I know about pharmin is kussid little. Mi buzzom friend, Horace Greeley, hes it a book with the abuv name, and altho i hevent had time to perouse it, yet i dont hesitate to pronounce it bully.

Pharmin (now daze) is pretty much all theory, and therefore it aint astonishin that a man kan live in New York and be a good chancery lawyer, and also know all about pharmin.

A pharmin (now daze) of one hundred akers will produce more buckwheat and pumpkins, run on theory, than it would sixty years ago, run on manure and hard knocks.

There is nothin like book larnin, and the time will eventually come when a man wont hav to hav only one of "Josh Billings' Farmers' Almanax" to run a pharmin, or a kamp meetin with.

Even now it aint unkonnum tew see three or four hired men on a pharmin, with three or four spans of oxen, all standing still, while the boss goes into the library and reads himself up for the days plowin.

If I was running a pharmin (now daze) i suppose i would rather have thirty-six bushels of some new breed of potatoes, raised on theory, than to have eighty-four bushels got in the mean, benighted and underhand way ov our late lamented grand parents.

Pharmin, after all, is a good deal like the tavern bizness, onbly they think they kan keep a hotel, (now daze) and onbly they think they kan pharmin it, (now daze), and they kan, but this is the way that poor hotels kum to be so plenty, and this is likewise what makes pharmin such eazy and profitible bizness.

Just take the theory out of pharmin and thefe aint nothin left but hard work and all fired lire krops.

When I see so much folks rushing into theory pharmin as there is (now daze), and so munny of them rushing out again, i think ov that remarkable piece of skriptur which remarks, "munny are kalled, but few are chosen."

I must took a pharmin on shares, miself, and run ber on some theories, and things figured up this way, I dun all the work for the last fourteen days; and with hearty good will, we gave three cheers as our boat glided away from under her tall side.

By mutual consent I quit the pharmin at the end of the year. What I know about pharmin aint with braggin about, and I feel it my duty to state, for the benefit of mi kreditors, that if they ever expect me tew pay five cents on a dollar, they musn't start me in the theoretical pharmin employ.

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Unconscious Orthodoxy.

In considering theologic controvercies that separate men who have stered all a genuine sympathy in the spirit of Christ's teachings, some allowance should be made for a singular principle of human nature which have never seen satisfactorily explained;—what may be called the capacity for double belief.

There are minds that sincerely accept two inconsistent, not only inconsistent but opposite doctrines, and are never conscious of the contradiction. There are men who appear firmly to believe one thing on Sunday, and the contrary in business; one thing when talking with their pastor, and the contrary when talking with other companions, and, what is strangest, not by way of hypocrisy, but in good earnest.

Here is a gentleman of intelligence and good sense, moving in the highest circles of a Christian community, who is a Unitarian, and hears on Sunday a sermon on the innate excellence of human nature. As the preacher dwells on the common and precious virtues which make life happy, the hearer thinks of his family, his friends, the circle of acquaintance in which he moves, and his whole mind revolts from the doctrine of depravity and sinfulness. He accepts heartily and sincerely the rose colored view of life, and feels that the whole human race is slandered and defamed by any other doctrine than that which his pastor is extolling.

But on Monday, when he goes through the streets, he reverts to a more practical view of life. He sees impotence in the vagrant beggar, as quickly as any one; he would gladly rescue the drunken wretch he meets if he supposed it were possible, but he has long since come to the conclusion that no human power can reform such cases. And when he takes his seat in his counting-room to deal with customers, or in his office to advise with clients, or at the State House in affairs of government, he measures every man by the same tests of character that every one else does. He considers it not impossible for anybody to go wrong. He deals with nobody he does not watch. He ponders men's motives and moves guardedly among them at every step. Temptation he holds is not to be needlessly thrust upon any one, for even the best may fall; and the methods of business, therefore, must be so adjusted that, so far as possible, it shall be for men's interest to serve him faithfully, and deal with him fairly.

Let us look into the parlor of a bank when the directors are seated around the long table. Question of loans to this or that dealer, of the regularity of the accounts of a teller, or the correctness of the cashier's habits, may be up. Does the reader think he could tell from what any one of these gentlemen says on a practical question of the trustworthiness of human nature, what his opinions on the very same question would be if presented theologically on a Sunday? Not at all. The loosest moralist is then of the same kind as his orthodox friend.

Fireworks. The New York Evening Post furnishes some facts concerning the manufacture and use of fireworks, in which "children of a larger growth" will just now be interested:

Contrary to the general impression the trade in fireworks has increased rapidly during the past few years. All the manufacturers are producing larger quantities than ever before. Indeed, one well known house made estimates at the beginning of the manufacturing season on the basis of an increase of thirty-five to forty per cent. of production and sale, and this has been found far too small.

The amount of Chinese crackers imported the present year exceeds by fifty thousand boxes the importations of any previous year. The total importations approximate two hundred and fifty thousand boxes, representing a cash value of more than half a million dollars, all to be burned up by patriotic boys in one day. The Chinese crackers are of different grades, costing from \$2 75 to \$40 a box, and some of the larger sizes sold are warranted to crack the largest & thickest plate glass window that can be found. About two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of torpedoes are made in this country annually. Aside from these, rockets and Roman candles constitute two-thirds of all the fireworks manufactured here. Some idea of the importance of these three items can be formed from the fact that a single firm has made this year about 50,000,000 torpedoes, 250,000 rockets which will burst in over 3,000,000 stars, and over 800,000 Roman candles, containing about 2,000,000 stars.

Large sums of money are spent yearly in new devices for exhibitional pieces for municipal celebrations. For instance, in this city there are public displays usually at fifteen different points, the cost of which can be roughly estimated at fifteen thousand dollars. The smaller cities, such as Troy, Utica, Rochester, Syracuse, and so forth, spend sums yearly varying from \$500 to \$5,000. Boston usually spends the latter amount on her public display; Baltimore about \$3000; Chicago an equal amount; Cincinnati about \$2,000. The cost of exhibition pieces, as the larger and more elaborate designs are called, reach as high as \$500 which was the value of a single piece exhibited in this city in 1869. The highest price of those made for the ordinary trade is about \$25.

Colored paper balloons have largely increased in favor of late. Formerly their sale was chiefly confined to large cities, but now there is a demand for them all over the country. They vary in size from five to thirty feet in circumference, and the price from \$2 to \$18 a dozen. The demand for Chinese lanterns increases every year. Some few are brought from China, and a still smaller number, being those of most elaborate workmanship, from Germany, but most are made in this city and its neighborhood.

Who is She?

There is a little maiden— Who is she? Do you know? Who always has a welcome, Whom every one may know, Whom every one may know, Whom every one may know.

Her face is like the May-lime, Her voice is like a bird's, The sweetest of all music, Is in her lightsome words.

The loveliest of blossoms Spring where her light foot treads, And most delicious odors— She all around her sheds—

The breath of purple clover Upon the breezy hills; The smell of garden roses, And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter, As if she were the sun, And she is sought and cherished, And loved by every one;

By old folks and by children, By lofty and by low, Who is this little maiden? Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her; You certainly can guess, What's that I introduce her? Her name is Cheerfulness.

Mr. Greeley's New Friends.—A New Orleans letter to the Philadelphia Press says: We have a practical joker here, one Mr. Joe Sommers, a sporting man, originally from Baltimore. Sommers is educated and dresses fashionably, and but few on looking at him, would believe him to be a gambler.—When Mr. Greeley jumped from the back, Joe met him at the hotel and extended his hand, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Greeley? I am very happy to extend the right hand of fellowship to so renowned a gentleman as yourself; and as one of the citizens of this great metropolis of the south, extend to you, sir, the freedom of our city, and the honest good-will of our fellow citizens. Sir, allow me to introduce to your notice two estimable gentlemen, Colonel Starr, of Mississippi, and Mr. William Johnson, one of our leading bankers." Starr and Johnson are both gamblers, and the sudden introduction almost unmanned them, and they slid out of sight as soon as possible. Of course, Mr. Greeley did not understand the joke, but the lookers-on did, and enjoyed it hugely.

Bright Sundays.—Let it rain every day in the week, that it is pleasant on Sunday. Then let the sky be blue, and the sea, then let the birds sing, and the little children. Then let the green fields be full of blossoms, and let no asectic say it is wicked to pluck them. Then let the sunlight into your houses, place flowers on your table, have an extra sweet morsel for little mouths; and a pleasant word for every body. I had almost said do anything but make the day one of gloom. Do anything that a man or woman may do, and look the pure stars in the face, but don't groan; don't set back the chairs against the wall; don't bring out dry, theological books for young folks to read, written by library men, who never so much as peeped into one of the windows of a warm, human heart. Don't fold your hands over your Sunday suit and look the ceiling out of countenance. Don't bribe your children to read six chapters in the Bible; don't frown if they explain a don't your children long for the going down of the Sabbath sun, counting the tardy minutes like a restless prisoner, waiting his release. Oh, anything but that; as you love truth above hypocrisy, as you love honor and obedience beyond secret license, as you dread the shadow of moral death from those bright, young faces, which I am sure you love.

Fanny Fern. A gentleman of this city, witty and agreeable, but with a slight impediment of speech, had it in his heart to become the possessor of a fine black-and-tan terrier, for which he was willing to pay a liberal price. A superior little brute was soon brought to him by a dog-fancier, who demanded for it the modest price of fifty dollars. Not being disposed to check for that figure unless sure that the dog was a good ratter, he proposed to the party to meet him next day at a pit where dogs and rats were brought for sanguinary contest, and try him with a rat. Agreed. Next day our friend, having obtained a first-class rat of the "wharf" species, had him conveyed to the theatre of strife. Both were at the same moment thrown into the arena. After being pursued for a moment the rat tramped, made a spring at the terrier, caught him on the lip, and made him think with pain. In short, "he had him." Our purchaser turned and said, "I d-d-don't think your d-d-dog's g-good for anything. D-d-don't you want to b-buy my rat?" Harper's Monthly.

PERSONAL.—Prof. ERNEST GRIMME, formerly of Painesville, and for several years Prof. of Music in Willoughby College, has returned from Missouri, where he has spent the past year. Unlike most of our citizens who go toward the setting sun, the Professor is not pleased with the climate or lay of the land.—The green fields and forests and hills and valleys of Ohio have more charms for him than vander-shades plains. He returns at least fifty pounds lighter in weight, if not lighter in pocket. Mr. Grimme is an excellent teacher, and the Willoughby College is fortunate in securing his services for the coming year. During the few week's vacation of that Institution he is stopping at Chardon. We give him a cordial welcome back to Little Lake.

Dr. HALL, in his Journal of Health, says the best medicines in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, to "keep up" as long as they can move a foot or crook a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but often the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost all ability to recuperate, and slow, and typhoid fevers set in, and carry the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the very first indispensable steps to a safe and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

A WARNING.—The virtuous Woodhull thus speaks her mind about summer watering places: All the fashionable summer resorts are now in full blast. The season will be gay; the hotels will be crowded, flirtations will run riot, money will be freely spent, and superficial happiness and joy and hilarity will reign triumphantly throughout the summer. In September will come the reaction. Broken hearts and ruined reputations will come sneaking back to the city. Squandered fortunes will leave bankrupt wrecks. Confidene between husband and wives will be destroyed, and unquiet homeses will result. Domestic peace will depart from many a family. Health, from excesses, will wax into decline, and the devil will reap a general harvest. Oh, the watering places! what misery they entail!—But such is life.

The Hartford Ad moves to amend the title of the "strawberry shortcake" sold at the Hartford restaurants and make it "Shortberry Strawcake."